CHAPTER. I. Slowly and with difficulty they coax Sir Adrian back to life. Ringwood had insisted upon telling the old housekeeper at the castle, who has been in the family for years, the whole story of her master's rescue, and she, with tears dropping down her withered cheeks, has helped Ringwood to remove his clothes and make him comfortable. She had also sat beside him while the captain, stealing out of the house like a thief, had galloped down to the villege for the doctor, whom he had hand, he quietly but firmly closes the smuggled into the house without awaking any of the servants.

This caution and secreey had been decided upon for one powerful reason. If Arthur Dynecourt should prove guilty of being the author of his cous-in's incarceration, they were cuite de-termined he should not escape whatever punishment the law allowed. But the mystery could not be quite cleared up until Sir Adrian's return to consciousness, when they hoped to have some light thrown upon the matter from his own lips.

In the meantime, should Arthur hear of his cousin's rescue, and know him-self to be guilty of this dastardly at-tempt to murder, would he not take steps to escape before the law should lay its iron grasp upon him? All four conspirators are too ignorant of the power of the law to know whether it would be justifiable in the present circumstances to place him under arrest, or decide on waiting until Sir Adrian himself shall be able to pronounce

either his doom or his exculpation. The doctor stays all night, and administers to the exhausted man, as often as he dares, the nourishment and good things provided by the old house-

When the morning is far advanced, Adrian, waking from a short but re-freshing slumber looks anxiously around him. Florence, seeing this steps aside, as though to make way for Dora to go closer to him. But Mrs. Talbot, covering her face with her hands, turns aside and sinks into a

Florence, much bewildered by this strange conduct, stands irresolute beside the bed, hardly knowing what to do. Again she glances at the prostrate man, and sees his eyes resting upon her with an expression in them that makes her heart beat rapidly with sweet but sad recollections. Then a faint voice falls upon her ear.

It is so weak that she is obliged to stoop over him to catch what he is trying to say.
Darling, I owe you my life!"

With great feebleness he utters these accompanying them with a glance of utter devotion. How can she mistake his glance, so full of love and rapture? Perplexed in the extreme, she turns from him, as though to leave him, but by a gesture he detains her. "Do not leave me! Stay with me!"

he entreats. Once again, deeply distressed, she looks at Dora. Mrs. Talbot, rising. says distinctly, but with a shamefaced expression— Do as he asks you. Believe me, by

his side is your proper place, not mine."
Saying this, she glides quickly from the room, and does not appear again for hours.

By luncheon-time it occurs to the guests that Arthur Dynecourt has not been seen since last evening. Ringwood, carrying this news to the sick-room, the little rescuing party and their apxiliaries, the nurse and doctor, lay their heads together, and decide that, doubtless, having discovered the

escape of his prisoner, and, dreading arrest, Arthur has quietly taken him-self off, and so avoided the trial and punishment which would otherwise have fallen upon him.

Ringwood is now of opinion that they have acted unwisely in concealing the discovery of Sir Adrian in the haunted chamber. By not speaking to

the others, they have given Dynecourt the opportunity of getting away safely, and without causing suspicion. "Is it not an almost conclusive proof of his guilt, his running away in this cowardly fashion?" says Ethel Villiers.
"I think papa and Lady FitzAlmont and everybody should be told."

So Ringwood, undertaking the office of tale-bearer, goes down-stairs and, bringing together all the people still remaining in the house, astounds them by his revelation of the discovery and

release of Sir Adrian.

The nearest magistrate is sent for, and the case being laid before him, to-gether with the still further evidence given by Sir Adrian himself, who has told them in a weak whisper of Arthur's being privy to his intention of searching the haunted chamber for Florence's bangle on that memorable day of his disappearance, the magis-

trate issues a warrant for the arrest of Arthur Dynecourt. But it is all in vain; even though two of the cleverest detectives from Scotland Yard are pressed into the service, no tidings of Arthur Dynecourt come to light. A man answering to his de-

scription, but wearing spectacles, had been traced as having gone on board a vessel bound for New York the very day after Sir Adrian was restored to the world, and, when search in other quarters fails, every one falls into the ready belief that this spectacled man was in reality the would-be murderer. So the days pass on, and it is now quite a month since Ringwood and Florence carried Sir Adrian's senseless form from the flaunted chamber, and still Florence holds herself aloof from the man si loves, and, though quite as assiduous as the others in her attentions to him, seems always eager to get away from him, and giad to escape any chance of a tete-a-tete with him. This she does in defiance of the fact that Mrs. Talbot never approaches him except when absolutely compelled.

Sir Adrian is still a great invalid. The shock to his nervous system, the dragging out of those interminable hours in the lonely chamber, and the strain upon his physical powers by the absence of nutriment for seven long days and nights, had all combined shatter a constitution once robust. He is now greatly improved in health, and has been recommended by his doctors to try a winter in the south of France

He shows himself, however, strangely reluctant to quit his home, and, whenever the subject is mentioned, he first turns his eyes questioningly upon Florence, if she is present, and then, receiving no returning glance from her downcast eyes, sighs, and puts the matter from him.

He has so earnestly entreated both Dora and Miss Delmaine not to desert him, that they have not had the heart to remise, and as kingwood is also staying at the sale, and little Villiers has gamed her rather's consent to remain, Mrs. Talbot acting as chaperon, they are by no means a dull party.

Te-day, the first time for over a mouth, Florence, going to her easel, draws its cover away from the sketch thereon, and gazes at her work. How long ago it seems since she sat thus, 'Alex-oung

not meet him by appointment in the this very room, when asking her adthe latter had brought to her, here to

devotedly. If you will not marry me, devotedly. If you will not marry me.

unsympethetic in his presence. toward him, and renders her cold and very knowledge only hardens her heart glance and word speaks of tenderness for her, and not for Dora-still this Aleas sin quit eniseum of pelledulos apartment weeping bitterly.

Tiester any hope for me?" asks Sir stone steps Sir Adria

Mou Throughout puy uisnoo led of ueals Adrian of Florence when they are to Lady Laughton: used bard treat side emit that the transfer of end of the transfer of end of the transfer of end of the transfer of the transf

She drops the letter hurriedly, as though its very touch stings her, and, rousing herself with bitter self-contempt from her sentimental regrets, works vigorously at her painting for about an hour, then, growing wearied, she flings her brushes aside, and goes to the morning-room, where she knows she will find all the others assembled. There is nobedy here just now however, except Sir Adrian, who is looking rather tired and bored, and Ethel Vill-

They are still murmuring tender words of love to each other, though a iers. The latter, seeing Florence enter, gladly gathers up her work and runs away to have a turn in the garden with Captain Ringwood. Florence, though sorry for this tete-a tete that has been forced upon her, sits down calmly enough, and, taking up a book, prepares to read aloud to Sir Ad-

rian.

But he stops her. Putting out his book, and then says: "Not to-day, Florence; I want to speak to you instead."

"Anything you wish." responds Florence steadily, though her heart is beating hastily. Are you sorry that-that my unhappy cousin proved so unworthy?" he asks at last, touching upon this subject

with a good deal of nervousness. can not forget that once she had loved this miserable man. "One must naturally feel sorry that anything human could be guilty of

such an awful intention." she returns gently, but with the atmost unconcern. Sir Adrian stares. Was he mistaken then? Did she never really care for the fellow, or is this some of what Mrs. Talbot has designated as Florence's "slyness"? No. once for all he would not believe that the pure, sweet, true face looking so steadily into his could be guilty of snything underhand or

"It was false that you loved him then?" he questions, following out the train of his own thoughts rather than the meaning of her last words.
"That I loved Mr. Dynecourt!" she repeats in amazement, her color rising. What an extraordinary idea to come into your head! No, if anything, I confess I felt for your cousin nothing but contempt and dialike.

"Then, Florence, what has come between us?" he exclaims, seizing her hand. "You must have known that I oved you many weeks ago. Nay, long pefore last season came to a close; and then I believe—forgive my presumption—that you too loved me." "Your belief was a true one," she reurns calmly, tears standing in her

beautiful eyes. "But you, by your own act, severed us."
"I did?" "Yes. Nay, Sir Adrian, be honest in your dealings with me as I am with you, and confess the truth."
"I don't know what you mean," declares Adrian, in utter bewilderment; "you would tell me that you think it was some act of mine that-that ruined

my chance with you?" "You know it was"-reproachfully. "I know nothing of the kind"—hotly.
"I only know that I have always loved you and only you, and that I shall never love another."

"You forget—Dora Talboti" says Florence, in a very low tone. 'I think, Sir Adrian, your late coldness to her has been neither kind nor just."

"I have never been either colder or warmer to Dora Talbot than I have been to any other ordinary acquaintance of mine," returns Sir Adrian, with considerable excitement. There is surely a terrible mistake some-

"Do you mean to tell me," says Flor-ence, rising in her agitation, "that you never spoke of love to Dora?" "Certainly I spoke of love—of my love for you," he declares vehemently. "That you shall suppose I ever felt anything for Mrs. Talbot but the most ordinary friendship seems incredible to me. To you, and you alone, my heart has been given many a day. Not the vaguest tenderness for any other woman has come between my thoughts and your image since first we met." "Yet there was your love-letter to her-I read it with my own eyes!" de-

clares Florence faintly.
"I never wrote Mrs. Talbot a line in my life," says Sir Adrian, mere and more puzzled "You will tell me next I did not see you kissing her hand in the lime-walk last September?" pursues Florence, flushing hotly with shame and indigna-

tion.
"You did not," he declares vehemently.
"I swear it. Of what else are you going to accuse me? I never wrote to her, and I never kissed her hand." "It is better for us not to discuss this

matter any longer," says Miss Delmaine, rising from her seat. "And for the future I can not—will not—read to you here in the morning. Let us make an end of this false friendship now at She moves toward the door as she

speaks, but he, closely following, overtakes her, and, putting his back against the door, so bars her egress.

He has been forbidden exertion of

any kind, and now this unusual excitement has brought a color to his wan cheeks and a brilliancy to his eyes. Both these changes in his appearance however only serve to betray the actual weakness to which, ever since his cruel imprisonment, he has been a vic-Miss Delmaine's heart smites her.

She would have reasoned with him, and entreated him to go back again to his lounge, but he interrupts her. "Florence do not leave me like this." ne pleads in an impassioned tone. "You are laboring under a delusion. A Wake from this cream, I implore you, and see things as they really are." "I am awake, and I do see things as

they are." she replies sadly.
"My darling, who can have poisoned your mind against me?" she says, in deep agitation. At this moment, as if in answer to his question the door leading into the conservatory at the other side of the

room is pushed open, and Dora Talbot enters. "Ah, here is Mrs. Talbot," exclaims Sir Adrian eagerly; "she will exonerate

He speaks with such full assurance of being able to bring Dora forward as a witness in his defense that Florence, for the first time, feels a strong doubt thrown upon the belief she has formed of his being a monster of fickleness. "What is it I can do for you?" asks Dora, in some confusion. Of late she

has grown very shy of being alone with either him or Florence. "You will tell Miss Delmaine," replies Adrian quickly, "that I never wrote you a letter, and that I certainly did not-you will forgive my even mentioning this extraordinary supposition, I hope, Mrs. Taroot-kiss your hand one day in September in the lime-walk." Dora turns first hot and then cold, first crimson and then deadly pale. So it is all out now, and she is on her trial. She feels like the veriest criminal brought to the bar of justice. Shall

she promptly deny everything, or—No. She has had enough of deceit and intrigue. Whatever it costs her, she will now be brave and true, and confess all. "I do tell her so," she says, in a low tone, but yet firmly. "I never received a letter from you, and you never kissed my hand.

"Dora!" cries Florence. "What are you saying! Have you forgotten all that is past?" "Spare me!" entreats Dora hoarsely. "In an hour, if you will come to my room, I will explain all, and you can then spurn me, and put me outside the price of paper and patent an then spurn me, and put me outside the

> no other woman shall ever be my wife.
> My beloved, take pity on me!"
> "Trust in him, give yourself freely to him without fear," urges Dora, with a Ethel, indifferently.
>
> "Well, let us go," agrees Florence resob. "He is altogether worthy of you." So saying, she escapes from the room, and goes up the stairs to her own

replies riorence in a proken voice. "But I thought-I feared-oh, how

much I have suffered!" "Never mind that now," rejoins Sir Adrian very tenderly. He has placed his arm round her, and her head is resting in happy contentment upon his breast. "For the future, my dearest. you shall know neither fear nor suffering if I can prevent it."

good half hour has gone by, when a noise as of coming footsteps in the conservatory attracts their attention, and presently Captain Ringwood, with his arm round Ethel Villiers's waist, comes slowly into view. Totally unaware that any one is in the room besides themselves, they advance, until, happening to lift their eyes, they suddenly become aware that

their host and Miss Delmaine are regarding them with mingled glances of surprise and amusement. Instantly they start asunder. "It is—that is—you see—Ethel, you explain," stammers Captain Ringwood

confusedly.

At this both Sir Adrian and Florence burst out laughing so merrily and so heartily that all constraint comes to an end and, finally Ethel and Ringwood, joining in the merriment that has been raised at their expense, vol-

uniteer a full explanation.
"I think," says Ethel, after awhile, looking keenly at Florence and her host, "you two look ) st as guilty as we do. Don't they, George:
"They seem very nearly as happy, at Pingwood, who,

all events," agrees Ringwood, who, now that he has confessed to his havbeen just accepted by Ethel ing been just accepted by Ethel Villiers "for better for worse," is again in his usual gay spirits. "Nearly? you might say quite," says Sir Adrian laughing. "Florence as we have discovered their secret, I think it will be only honest of us to tell them

Florence blushes and glances rather shyly at Ethel.
"I know it," cries that young lady, clapping her hands. "You are going to marry Sir Adrian, Florence, and he is

going to marry you!"
At this they all laugh.
"Well, one of those surmises could hardly come off without the other," ob-serves Ringwood, with a smile. "So your second guess was a pretty safe one. If she is right, old man"-turn-ing to Sir Adrian-"I congratulate you both with all my heart."

"Yes, she is quite right," responds Sir Adrian, directing a glance full of ardent love upon Florence. "What should I do with the life she restored to me unless I devoted it to her service?"
"You see, he is marrying me only out
of gratitude," says Florence, smiling archly, but large lears of joy and gladness sparkle in her lovely eyes.

CHAPTEN .... When Florence finds her way, at the expiration of the hour, to Dora's room, she discovers that fair little widow dissolved in tears, and indeed sorely perplexed and shamed. The sight of Florputting her arm round her, tries to console her, she only responds to the caress by flinging herself upon her knees, and praying her to forgive her.

And then the whole truth comes out.
All the patty, mean, underhand actions, all the crue; iten, all the carefully spoken innuenders, all the false reports are brought into light and laid bare to the horrifed eyes of Florence. Dora's confession is thorough and complete in every sense. Not in any way does she seek to shield herself, or palliate her own share in the deception practiced upon the unconscious girl now regarding her with looks of amazement and deep sorrow, bi i bitter

end, and Dora, rising to her feet, de-clares her intention of leaving England forever. Miss Delmains stands like one turned into stone, and says no word either of censure or regret. on the pressure or regret.

Dora, weeping violently, goes to the door, but, as her hand is raised to open it, the pressure upon the gentle heart of Florence is suddenly removed, and

in a little gasping voice she bids her Dora remains quite still her eyes bent upon the floor, waiting to bear her cousin's words of just condemnation; expecting only to hear the scath-ing words of scorn with which her cousin will bid her begone from her sight for evermore. But suddenly she feels two soft arms close around her, and Florence, bursting into tears, lays her head upon her shoulder.

"Oh, Dora, how could you do it!" she falters, and that is all. Never, either then or afterward, does another sentence of reproach pass her lips; and Dora, forgiven and taken back to her cousin's friendship, endeavors earnestly for the future to avoid such untruthful paths as had so nearly led her to

her ruin. Sir Adrian, from the hour in which his dearest hopes were realized, recovers rapidly both his health and spirits; and soon a double wedding takes place, that makes pretty Ethel Villiers Ethel Ringwood and beautiful Florence Lady

Dynecourt. charming bride completely restores Sir Adrian to his former vigorous state, and, when spring is crowning all the land with her fair flowers, he returns to the castle with the intention of remaining there until the coming season demands his presence in town.

And now once again there is almost the same party brought together at Dynecourt. Old Lady Fitz Almont and Lady Gertrude are here again, and so are Captain and Mrs, Ringwood, both the gavest of the gay. Dora Talbot is here too, somewhat chastened and subdued both in manner and expression, a change so much for the better that she finds her list of lovers to be longer now

than in the days of yore.

It is an exquisite, balmy day in April.

The sun is shining hotly without, drinking up greedily the gentle shower that fell haif an hour ago. The guests, who with their host and hostess have been wandering idly through the grounds, decide to go in-doors.
"It was on a day like this, though in autumn, that we first missed Sir Ad-

rian," remarks some one in a half tone confidentially to some one else, but not so low that the baronet could not hear "Yes," he says quickly, "and it was just over there"-pointing to a clump of shrubs near the hall door-"that I

parted with that unfortunate cousin of Lady Dynecourt shudders, and draws closer to her husband. "It was a marvelous story," observes pretty woman who was not at the castle last autumn, when what so nearly proved to be a tragedy was being en- | an expense. acted; "quite like a legend or a mediaval romance. Dear Lady Dynecourt finding him was such a happy finish to it. I must say I have always had the greatest veneration for those haunted

them is the stronger because I never "No?" questioningly. "Will you come and see ours now?" says Sir Adrian His wife clasps his arm, and a pang

chambers, so sedom to be found now

in any house. Perhaps my regard for

contracts her brow. "You are not frightened now, surely?" says Adrian, smiling at her very tenderly. "Yes, I am," she responds promptly. "The very name of that awful room un-

nerves me. There is something evil in "I wonder what became of him," remarks Ringwood. "He's at the other side of the world, I should imagine." "Out of the world, at all events," says

A SECIETOR," answers Lauy Laugh- COUNTER CONFERENCE. ton, returning his laugh; and with the words the door is pushed open, and

they enter the room en masse. very corner where Sir Adrian's almost lifeless body had been found? Is this a trick, a delosion of the brain? What What is this thing huddled together, lying in a heap-a ghastly, ragged, filthy heap, before their terrified eyes? And why does this charmel-house smell infect their nostrils? They stagger. Even the strong men grow pale and faint, for there, before them, gaunt, awful, unmistakable, lies a skeleton! Lady Laughton's jesting words have

come true-a fleshless corpse indeed meets their stricken gaze!
Sir Adrian, having hurriedly asked one of the men of the party to remove Lady Dynecourt and her friends, he and Captain Ringwood proceed to ex-amine the grewsome body that lies upon the floor; yet, though they profess each other total ignorance of what can be, there is in their hearts a miserable certainty that appalls them. Is this to be the end of the mystery? Truly had spoken Ethel Ringwood when she had alluded to Arthur Dynecourt as being "out of the world," for it is his remains they are bending over, as a few letters scattered about testify only too plainly.

Caught in the living grave he had

destined for his cousin was Arthur Dynecourt on the night of Sir Adrian's release. The lamp had dropped from his hand in the first herror of his discovery that his victim had escaped him. Then followed the closing of the fatal lock and his insensibility.

On recovering from his swoon, he had no doubt endured a hundred-fold more tortures than had the innocent Sir Adrian, as his conscience must have been unceasingly racking and tearing him.

And not too soon cleher could the miserable end have come. Every pang he had designed for hit victim was his. Not one was spared! Cold and hunger and the raging fever of thirst were his, and withal a hopelessness more intolerable than aught eise-a hopelessness that must have grown in strength as the interminable days went by.

And then came death—an awful lin-gering death, whilst the loathsome rats had finished the work which starvation and death had began, and now all that remained of Arthur Dynecourt

was a heap of bones! They hush the matter up as well as hey can, but it is many days before Florence and her busband, or any of their guests forget the dreadful hour in which they discovered the unsightly remains of him who had been overtaken by a just and stern retribution. THE ESD.

The North Carolina Alliance. It is learned from the officers of the State Farmers' Alliance of North Carolina that there have been issued ninety-three charters to County Alliances, and two hundred and seven Sub-Alliances, of which latter only thirty-two have been returned. All and New Haven have county organization. Wake leads in the number of Sub-Alliances, having fifty-seven, furnished two Sub-Alliances this seasulted in a decline of prices charged for the brands, and he estimates that this season alone the business agency has saved the farmers over half a million dollars in the matter of fertilizers

Disqualified Votors. At the last session of the Legislature an Act was passed providing for a mode of ascertaining the names of registered voters convicted of disqualifying crimes. The clerk of the court is required, on or before the fifteenth day of October, 1890, to furnish the supervisor of registration with a complete list of all male persons convicted of treason, murder, robbery, or dueling, from the 16th day of April, 1868, up to the first day of January, 1883, and of all persons convicted of treason, murder, burglary, larceny, perjury; forgery, or any other infafirst day of January, 1883. All such certificate of the clerk. So is every convention. Trial Justice required to make out under his hand and soal a certified list of all male persons convicted before him, or such of his predecessors sion, of petit larceny, and such report must be submitted to the supervisor of registration on or before tha fifteenth day of October. In case any trial justice goes out of office, he shall furnish such list immediately farmers. upon retiring, up to the date of going out of office.

GOOD-BYE :TO JUTE.

A Angusta Lawyer Invocts Machinery to ed mechanical appliances for making support our protest against the ag- beds made of guano sacks for ticking has just returned from New York | cost to the State." with a roll of bagging.

in every respect equal to cotton bag- enlightenment gave Tillman many of wages were paid them in checks which ging. He will buy the bare stalks kis followers and that political edu- were good for anything at the comfrom the farms and can sfiord to pay cation through the medium of public missary, no cash being paid them about \$2 a ton laid down. An annual discussion would be the destruction until the fall, and then the checks ton crop. The machinery comprises the discussion ends Tillmanism will heavy corrugated rollers, with vats of be in a pitiful minority and true Demrunning water, carding machines and ocracy in a vast majority. bagging looms. It is estimated that in making bagging from cotton stalks put into the pockets of farmers for in McCormick, S. C., is reported here two million dollars annually will be what is now cleared from the fields at tonight. The particulars, as learned

Augusta will be headquarters for a Texas. Jackson had the roll of bagjute bagging looms of J. C. Todd, at

jubilant. Southern Prosperity.

Mr. John C. Calhoun, who has just returned to New York from a trip through the South, says there is soent quied pur seysting emos elegan to suial noon of suial end for incomplete suit so suial noon of suial end for incomplete suit so guid noon of suial end for incomplete suit so guid noon of suial end for incomplete suit so guid noon of suial end for incomplete suit so guid noon of suial end for incomplete suit so guid noon of suial end for incomplete suit so guid noon of suial end for incomplete suit so guid noon of suial end for incomplete suit so guid noon of suial end for incomplete suit so guid noon of suial end for incomplete suit so guid noon of suial end for incomplete suit so guid noon of suial end for incomplete suit so guid noon of suial end for incomplete suit so guid noon of suial end for incomplete suit so guid noon of suial end for incomplete suit so guid noon of suial end for incomplete suit so guid noon of suial end for incomplete suit so guid noon of suial end for incomplete suit so guid noon of suial end for incomplete suit suit end for incomplete suit end for incomple from cotton is going into

ments. His Occupation Cone.

ACTION OF THE "REPRESENTATIVE FARMERS" AT COLUMBIA-

The Members Composi g the Convention-Ensiness Transacted-An Address of Prot st and Warning. reclair to the Greenville Cas

COLUMBIA, S. C., Quil 23.—The conference of the anti-Tillmannes in hi two sessions today, one of twenty minutes, the other of forty-five. The only action was the adoption of an nival militaire, a rather pretty and address to the Democracy of the State. The following were present: Mr. and Mrs. Howe furnished the L. W. Youmens; Beaufort, T. R. Heyward: Charleston, w. J. Hinson: Carsterfield, A. McQueen: Clarendon, C. S. Land: Colleton, D. L. Redish; Darlington, E. W. Campbell: Fairfield, T. W. Woodward: Florence, S. A. Gregg; Hampton, R. T. Causey: Kershaw, A. H. Boykin: Laurens, S. city app and with an attachment of D. Garlington: Lexington, Theodore the entire paraphernalia when the Holtshouser; Marion, D. W. Bethea: curtain fell on the last act. The Oconce, P. R. Davidson: Orangeburg. A. Peterkin: Richland, J. C. F. Sims; Sumter, J. J. Dargan; Williams-

Mr. Jones was made chairman, and Colonel Dargan secretary. Messrs. Youmans, Dargan, Woodward. Jones and Land being appoint- dred. ed a committee to draft an address submitted the following which was

manimously adopted and signed: consideration. "The Democratic party is indicted certained."

avoritism, for relinquishing its funcions to an oligarchy of aristocats, or betraying the confidence placed in it by the people, for wasteful exravagance, even for corruption. Our natural foes have not alleged so Carolina negro emigrants to Missismuch. Men within the party, claim- sippi which more than rival the disng to represent eighty per cent of the closure of Georgia prison life by the Democratic votes and being aspirants | New York World, were related to a for office, have not submitted their Chronicle reporter by one of the esclaims according to the usual methods | caped captives. upon their merits and the judgment year has been over 16,000. The State is an innovation pregnant with great fasted four days. business agency of the Alliance is danger to the unity and harmony of Henry Jones, Frank Price, George doing an immense work. It has the Democratic party. Conscious of Smith, David Young, and Richard the fact that the purity and integrity | Clemmons, are the names of the five son 12,000 tons of its special fertili- of our institutions depend upon the who escaped from the tortures of the lizer, and its sales of other supplies, solidity of the party, we view with negro pen of the Delta of the Missismainly provisions, average \$10,000 the greatest apprehension the declara-sippi. They are emigrants who per month. The State business agent | tions of the convention, which, in our | started from Knoxville, Tenn., on the says that the effect of the sale of opinion, array caste against caste 6th of last May, and came by Charspecial brands of fertilizers made for and dividing the white people, endan- lotte and Atlanta, gathering recruits ENGINES AND BOILERS.

Carolina as at present constituted car loads. ministration of the State government | river. as been in the past, and is at present, reports must be accompanied by the and revolutionary action of the Shell seers.

ment' under the 'Shell call' would noon and at night.

bagging from cotion stalks, and he grandizement of one man at such and stuffed with straw. They were Expert cotton men say that it is in which he said the want of proper plied out of the commissary. Their stalk yield will hale three years' cot of Tillmanism. He said that when were cashed for married men only.

A Riot in McCormick. Augusta, April 21.—News of a riot by your correspondent, are that Sturkey, one of the Mr.

the company's mill and offices, three brothers, reported Dr. Calhoun, which will extend from Virginia to a druggist, for selling whiskey on Sunday. An officer went to arrest ging which is exhibited woven by the the doctor, and he pulled out his Winchester rifle and opened five. The Paterson, N. J., and he says that ex- officer, it is said, was struck by the perts pronounce it equal to its jute bullet and seriously wounded. Other rival. Cotton stalk bagging is less citizens then took a hand, and a inflammable and is only a shade dark- bloody riot has been going on ever er than jute. Cotton circles here are since Several persons, names unknown are said to be fatally shot. Report has it that the fight still continues, and tonight worse trouble is expected.

McCornick, April 21.—The town onstable and B. P. Calhoun, druggist here, became involved in a difficulty, in which Calhoun was badly shot. The wildest excitement has vestment than ever before since the prevailed here since 12 o'clock today raffe, greatly to the surprise of the at-Calhoun has been arrested. ton is now a surplus production, 25 —A Meadville, Pa., man tells of a managerfully expects to beable short-very low rate of cost, it presents an plies at home, and the money received recent battle in that city between a ly to exhibit it as the first giraffe born exceedingly attractive form of in-

invest- game rooster and an owl, in which the rooster knocked old "Wisdom" out in less than a minute. The victor was then pitted against another has sent a bitter letter to. Governor reference, to Jenkins-Great Scott, Guyer, I rooster, which soon fell before him. Richardson, accusing him of violating So together they all start once more for the old tower. As they reach the stone steps Sir Adrian says laughingly to Lady Laughton:

The owner of the game then offered to pit kim against a bull dog. The match was made and the bird trimheart was reprieved and of garbling to Lady Laughton: Guyer (ex-caricaturist) - So I was, med the dog up in a very brief period, the extract from the Columbia R cord "Now, what do you expect to see? A but Ben Butlsr went and had hiseye coming out of the fight almost as on which he based his refusal to keep ghost—a phantom? And in what shape, fixed, and that ruined me. fresh as when he began.

LEFT NAKED TO THEIR ENEMIES

The Sorry Plight in Which Ladies Were Put by an Obderate Sheriff, BURLINGTON, Iowa, April 24.—Burlington's four hundred are horribly shocked over the predicament in which a number of their young ladies found themselves after the close or an amateur entertainment at the Opera House last night. The entertainment had been gotten up by a Mr. and Mrs. Howe, traveling managers, who came here some five weeks ago and began the rehearsal of a carcostumes, and the participants were all prominent ladies of Christ Epis-

copal Church Guild, which had the entertainment in charge. Many of the young ladies had donned their costume at home before go ing to the top in House. During the events; a vice a from a neighboring young ladies were horrified when informed that they could not take the ostumes from the building. A great ourg, Edwin Harper: York, Iredell hubbub ensued, but the sheriff was immovable, and the result was the young lightes were compelled to go home in decidedly neglige attire. The sherill has prestrated the four hun-

Matches in U mafe Places. A Chicago man, in repositing an old "The situation of political affairs cois, found among other articles that n South Carolina demands the im- had slipped between the back and mediate and carnest consideration of seat, twenty-eight matches. This every good citizen. As Democratic discovery is not a very important one, armers, asking no peronsal gain, but it points the moral that if less but influenced by strong convictions reckless carelessness was used in the as to the good of our State. we de- promiseuous scattering of these little sire to present our views to the Dem- agents of combustion, there might be mocratic voters of the State and ask so much monotony about the phrase for these views fair and thoughtful in the daily papers: "The origin of the fire could not be satisfactorily asov some of its own members for

NEWS FOR NEGROES.

Horrors of the Emigrant's Life in the Missis-ippi Delta-A Footsore Emigrant's

Return Home After Sad Trials. Thrilling experiences of North

On last Friday afternoon, five negro of a Democratic convention, but upon men arrived in Charlotte foot-sore, fictitious pretexts have formed a party tired, and hungry. They had walked held a convention, adopted a plat- all the way from the Delta of the form, practically nominated a candi- Mississippi River, just below Jackson, date for Governor, and, by means of Mississippi, since February 15th more polignant, and when her cousin, the counties save Alleghany. Dare an organized campaign committee, without any food save that which they propose to force their candidate upon | begged. They said they frequently the State Democratic Convention in went without food for two or three the name of the farmers of South days, and when they arrived in Chatham coming next with fifty-two. Carolina. In this departure from Charlotte they had had nothing to The gain in membership in the past usual methods, in our judgment there eat for three days. At one time they

he Alliance at a special rate has re- ger Anglo-Saxon supremancy. | all the way to the latter place. About "Believing that upon the perpetuity fifty went from this city, and when of the Democratic party in South the train left Atlanta there were nine

depend the perce and prosperity of According to Henry Jones, one of the State and the general welfare of the escaped party, they were carried tne people; believing that the to the Mississippi at a point just bemethods of nominating State officers low Jackson, by rail, and then carried PLANERS AND WOOD - WORKING by that party in the past have been across by steamer. When landed on fair, honorable and just to all classes the other side they were marched to of our citizens regardless of occupa- a saw mill and turpentine farm in the tion or calling; believing that the ad- Delta, at a short distance from the using. This farm of about 400 acres was

able, pure, honest and free from cor- enclosed by a fence 22 feet high, built ruption: believing that an attack up- of slabs from the saw mill. The neon the party under these circum- groes were marched inside, and the stances is a reflection upon the in- gates were locked. They were given telligence and integrity of the people: | a day to look around and become acbelieving that the party's motto in quainted with their surroundings but the future should be as it has been were told that they must rise the in past days 'equal rights to all, spe- next morning at the sound of the cial privileges to none -we the un | bugle. At 40 clock the bugle sounded dersigned farmers and Democrats de- and every one that did not rise immous crime, or dueling, since the sire to enter our solemn protest mediately was flogged with a cowagainst the unusual, unprecedented hide in the hands of the white over-

According to Henry's story, which "As Democrats, we cannot witness he told in a straightforward manner, without protest the control of our with evidence of trath in his demeanparty by a faction. As agriculturists, | or, the negroes were subjected to all we will not permit our honorable oc- manner of cruelties. The women whose trial docket is in his posses cupation to be degraded into a were given a task of one-half an acre spoilsman's machine. As citizens, we cach to pile logs and burn brush. If will not be silent under misrepresen- they failed to complete the task they tation. We believe that in these were flogged by the overseers. The Began Business September 3, 1878. declarations we voice the sober opin- men were given tasks by the half-day, ions of the majority of our Democratic at the different occupations connected with the saw mill and distillery; and "The success of the Tillman move- if they failed they were flogged at

mean the discredit of the Democratic | Henry says that a number of them party by itself. It would embroil was whipped every day. They were Annual Premium Income, he party, make local quiet impossi- not allowed to write anything about Make Cotton Bagging Out of Cotton Stalks | ble and check the industrial develop- their treatment to any one outside Augusta, Ga., April 24.-Willian ment of the State. In the eyes of the pen. They were required to work E. Jackson, a well known lawyer of the country it would be a verdict from 4 o'clock in the morning until this city, has solved the jute bagging against the Democracy of South Car- dark in the evening, with an hour and problem that has agitated cotton c.r. olina. We confidently appeal to that a half for dinner. They were procles for so long. Jackson has perfect- Democracy to arouse itself and to vided with rude huts, furnished with fed on bear meat, peas, and corn Col. Dargan made a short speech bread. All of their wants were sup-

Henry says no attention was paid to the sick, they being left to the care rates consistent with security. of the small children. Medicine could be bought at the commissary. but no physician was provided to administer it. Many of the negroes consequently died from the lack of treatment, but new ones were constantly coming in. After one year's period the insured has the option of imprisonment in the penthey were to either taking. 1st, the surplus to his be transferred to another farm where credit in cash, and continuing the more liberty was to be given them.

stand the treatment a year, and they | the following Ten Year period. succeeded in cluding the night watch- 6th: The policy is renewable at the men, and scaled the walls of the pen end of any Ten Year period without by means of a notched pole. Isaac re-examination. from the wall, was captured. The in the profits of the Company by others escaped, and paid the ferry- reason of the division of the surplus man at the river their \$35 in checks at the end of Ten Year period. to put them across the river. They sth. Its form of policy is a model then continued to walk until they of brevity, being simply a promise to reached here Friday afternoon.- pay. Charlotte Chronicle.

-At March, England, a llams or travel. -The Lexington County committee make liberal terms by applying, with

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